

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

J. B. GAMBRELL, Editor.
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Non-Intercommunion Among Baptist Churches—A Review of Dr. J. R. Graves.

Before us lies a little book written by Dr. Graves, editor of *The Baptist*, and called "Old Landmarkism." What is it? Forty pages of the work is devoted to the subject of the head of this article. To this part of the book we will give special attention. But before we turn to it, let us desire to say a few words about the title of the book, and its design. What is "Old Landmarkism"? Old Landmarkism is a theological term, and had its origin in the title of a tract written years ago by Dr. J. M. Pendleton. Dr. P. wrote the tract, and Dr. Graves gave it its name. It would seem, therefore, that Old Landmarkism is what was set forth in that little pamphlet. But it has been made by Bro. Graves to mean a great deal more. It really means to him more than it did a few years since. The simple fact is there is no agreement as to what it does mean. The two head doctors are themselves wide apart. Now since the term has no fixed meaning, we would be glad that it could be retired from Baptist nomenclature. We do not see that it can serve any good purpose. If we were clear of this in definite term which stretches or contracts to suit each individual's mind, we would be under no necessity of writing books, to prove what it is, which amounts to about the same thing as preparing a dictionary on a question like this: "A piece of chalk—How big is it?" It is enough to settle whether a thing is according to the word of God without involving it in any subordinate question. Who cares whether a thing is or is not old landmarkism, just so it is scriptural? We see only evil in this attempt to create in the kingdom of Christ among brethren a new guild. And, hence, in our discussion of the subject of intercommunion, we did not use the term, preferring to use a word that means something.

Dr. Graves has invited criticism, and says he wants his positions fairly tried. Well, we will test his scriptural interpretations and logic with as much strictness as possible. Every new dogma must be subject to a crucible before it is accepted as part of the faith of that people whose confession of faith is the New Testament.

By the common judgment of mankind he who seeks to establish a new order in church or state must show reasons for the change. Upon any other principle there could be no stability or order. From time immemorial Baptist churches have deemed it worthy to invite members of other churches of like faith and order, walking in the faith and fellowship of the gospel, to worship with them in the celebration of the holy supper. There never was a practice more universal than this among the churches of all countries and all ages. Recently there is an effort to change this practice and bring in a new order. We do not say that age or universality can sanctify a custom; yet any one who would bring in the new order must show reasons for so doing. The advocates of the new practice understand very well, and we heartily agree with them, that when reason is shown, then our churches should freely make the change. It is something to have a far understanding at the start, and to be able to agree upon a starting point.

The whole question then is this: "Have the advocates of this new departure shown reason?" Let us see. Dr. Graves' first argument is, "It is a local church ordinance." We never knew a Baptist to doubt that, but this has no bearing on the point. From this proposition he argues thus: "If then the supper was committed to each local church, its observance was limited to each local church." And again, "a church can extend her privileges no more than her discipline, beyond her organization." This conclusion is inconsequent—does not come to join the proposition at all, and we venture to say that Dr. Graves does not accept his own logic. In fact, his life is a constant denial of it. The laws of this country make every man the guardian of his own home; do they forbid his inviting friends to share his home? No. Again, not the supper only, but every part of worship, singing, praying, preaching, etc., Christ put in charge of the churches. Bro. Graves would not let the last man to deny that. Now, according to his logic, a church cannot extend its privileges beyond its organization, therefore, it cannot invite a visiting brother to sing, to pray, or to preach. O shades of the Apostles! is this so? Yet, his logic notwithstanding, he accepts invitations from the churches to preach in those churches that cannot extend their privileges beyond their organization. Either his logic or his conduct is at fault, or the church has not the privilege of controlling its own pulpit.

Dr. Graves says: "I never heard an intelligent Baptist claim that the members of other Baptist churches have a right to participate in the supper, when spread in any Baptist church." Dr. Renfree is an intelligent Baptist, and he says it, and so do millions of others. But no one says he has the right to do so, to continue in a church not his own, any more than Dr. Graves would say he has the right to do so. Dr. Graves argues in effect, that if a brother has a right to come, he being invited, then he has a right to do so uninvited, and so the churches could not preserve the purity of the ordinance. If there was ever worse reasoning than this we have not seen it. "It is certainly the one thing that is limited of unlimited," says Dr. G.; that is, all may come or none must. The utter fallacy of such reasoning can be seen at once when we apply it to the pulpit. The pulpit is only limited to the members of the local church, or it is unlimited, that is, no one outside of the local church can preach in its pulpit, or everybody may. Therefore, a church can't invite Bro. Graves to preach for it, and reject a known heretical or unsound preacher. We give that a great man can write such as this in a book. "The specification of one thing does indeed prohibit another, to take the place of that thing. But the specification, that pastors shall minister to their churches, does not prohibit other ministers from doing so on invitation, as Bro. Graves knows as well as any one."

Dr. Graves' second proposition is, "To each local church is committed the sole guardianship of the ordinance, the sacrament." A very sound proposition followed by inconsequent conclusions. We might add with perfect truthfulness, that the churches are charged to guard the worship in every part, preaching and all. But would it follow that no one is allowed to worship in any way except in his own church? Dr. Graves would say no, and every body says no. Well, then the proposition is incombustible. His argument comes to this: "The church is charged to see that no unworthy person comes to the table; therefore, she must not allow those she knows to be worthy to participate. Is such as that logic? Is it reason? Dr. Graves misstates the position, he assumes to overthrow. Speaking of the duty of the churches to guard the purity of the supper, he says, "But if it is her duty to invite the members of all Baptist churches present, regardless of their known character, etc. Now we know, and he ought to know that no one holds such a view. The usual invitation is to the brethren and sisters in good standing, in churches of like faith and practice. The idea is, 'such brethren as we would accept to membership with us on application.' Why attempt to burden a practice with consequences it does not involve? Intercommunion does not involve the seating of the unworthy at the table. No one holds that people are to be invited regardless of character, etc."

The most elaborate and to his own mind seemingly conclusive and overwhelming argument of Dr. Graves, is drawn from the symbolism of the rite. Several pages are devoted to the unfolding and forcing of this argument. The gist of the argument is this: The elements—bread and wine—represent, the local church communicating; there should be but one loaf and one cup. These represent the one church. Therefore, there cannot be one church and parts of others; for, if so, the symbolism is violated. We quote: "Thus the symbolism of the one loaf of one cup forever settles the question of their communion by different sects and intercommunion among Baptist churches; they are not the one body, organization, church." Again, "Certainly no thoughtful Christian can doubt that the loaf upon the table should be without leaven when the body it represents should be, and when this is required by Paul in order that the significance of the feast be not vitiated." So we have it, the one loaf or cup symbolizes "represent" the one local church communicating. Grant two things, and this argument is decisive, overwhelming, and it forever settles the question of intercommunion among Baptist churches. Allow, first, that only one loaf can be used in the supper; and second, that this loaf represents the one church, or organization, setting the supper and intercommunion as one. We neither deny that, nor deny the first; the last we do deny vehemently. Catholics have made the bread and wine

the veritable body and blood of Christ; Lutherans have made them so, not really, but in effect; but it has been reserved for a Baptist, a Baptist who has aimed, above all things, to be so in the faith, the oldest Baptist editor in the United States—it has been reserved for this Baptist to set forth the doctrine that the bread and wine in the supper represent, "symbolize" the church. Where is Christ? Christ said "this is I," represents my body which is given for you." Dr. Graves says, "This is the church," represents the church. Christ says, "This blood is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you." Dr. Graves says it is the church, i.e., represents the church. Both are right.

The utter fallacy of this theory is manifest from the nature of the case. There lies the loaf on the table. Dr. Graves says it represents the church there assembled and about to commune. Now the loaf is broken to bits, and the church proceeds to eat it—i.e., that which represents, "symbolizes" itself. Well, what? Why the church has symbolically broken itself to pieces and eaten it self up. In the meantime, where is Christ? What do Baptists say to this scripture foundation for a new practice? We are forcibly reminded of one of Bro. Graves' favorite texts: "They have taken my Lord away and I know not where they have laid him."

The text itself is to sustain this strange theory proves nothing of the sort, even when put in Dr. Graves' favorite words. We quote it, "Because there is one loaf, we, the many, are one body for we all partake of the one loaf." Bro. Graves interprets after the word "many," in brackets, "Members of the one church at Corinth." The force and teaching of the passage is this, that he represents Christ, all who partake to show forth his death, identify themselves with his death, identify themselves with his death, identify themselves with his death. This is the full force of the passage. The supper represents Christ and nothing else. There is not in its symbolism a particle of egotism. It is set forth Christ and not the church. "Do this in remembrance of me." As oft as ye do it ye do show forth my death till I come."

To make the elements symbolize the church is a strange, a wonderful, a great-sounding mistake. We can but hope that Bro. Graves will see this mistake—a mistake made, we think, by the anxious pursuit of an end—and promptly correct what must appear to all calm readers of the Bible, one of the greatest blunders a great man ever made.

Which is Right?
Two contradictory assertions follow the text of the Bible. "Let us affirm in our discussion with the Mississippi River, that the position advocated by that paper—that baptism does not introduce into a local church—was not the faith of the old Baptists, but a new blaze, on a by-path. We said that Dr. Dagg sustained our assertion that it was a new blaze among Baptists. The Mississippi River, if we can understand it, denies our assertion. Now let Dr. Dagg decide who correctly represents him."

The opinion has been held almost as a theological axiom, that baptism is the door into the church. By whom has it been so held? By Baptists, formerly called Anabaptists. Can you refer us to any authority? The Baptists of 1120 declared that by baptism they were received into the holy congregation of God's people. To all intents, therefore, that baptism does not initiate into a local church is, according to Dr. Dagg and the Baptists of 1120, a blaze on a new path—a by-path—and not a mark on the old path our father's trod.

Will Bro. G. allow his readers to see this question? *The Baptist*. We are now convinced of what we have suspected all along, that is, that Bro. Graves has not informed himself as to what we have written on this subject. He has no valid excuse for making this mistake; for we have distinctly said that in our opinion a great majority of Baptists would not initiate into a local church. This we said more than once, in terms as explicit as we can write. We advise Bro. Graves to read what he proposes to combat. Now while we think the impression is widespread, that baptism is the door into the church, we are well convinced that the ablest men in the denomination do not think so, and that the discussion has turned many of the laity.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.
Elder R. N. Hall has moved to Brooksville.
"Any you not an Irishman?" We are a missionary Baptist.
Jas. Marshall, you did not understand our article, it seems. Read again.
Oklahoma, a church which pays its debts is still pastorless. Where is the man for that place.

Elder St. Clair Lawrence's address is Rara Avis, Itawamba county, Miss.; correspondents please take notice.
Mississippi needs to-day at least twenty-five men to fill important places. But the trouble is to find

men who have shown in lower places that they have the elements of success in them.
The triumph of the gospel is just as sure as God's word can make it. Put that against your doubts and work on.

Elder R. A. Venable has settled as pastor of the first church, Memphis. We wish him success in his new field.

The Central church, Memphis, has received seventy-five members this year, and still they come. A pastor Roman is encouraged.

It is reasonable to remind the churches that the time is coming, and that soon, when every dollar of the pastor's salary should be paid.

A gentleman in South Carolina has a lounge upon which the first Mrs. Johnson came home from Barnum an invalid.

No place grows so rapidly in the use of it as the grape of giving.—*L. E. Hall*. Yes, indeed a brother to give \$5 now and next year it will be ten.

From September 16th, to October 10th, Mississippi gave for Foreign Missions \$715.97. We ought to do that every month in the year and more.

Will brother Henderson tell us how fast the State Mission Board ought to go in giving the gospel to the lost of our territory? Would \$25,000 and forty missionaries be too fast?

Be sure to read brother Henderson's article this week. We hope he will go to the bottom of matters, and we wish all our readers to understand for themselves.

Elder J. W. Harris hopes the day is not far away when there will be no moral coward in the pulpit. Can't you write an article on cowardice in the pulpit, brother H.

Old Dr. Beecher used to say that he always made a great deal of fuss in the pulpit when he had nothing to say. He has many successors in the ministry. It is hollow that makes a deaf sound.

The editorial office of the Record received a call from Elder T. J. Rowan, pastor of the Central church, Memphis, last week. He is well and looks happy. Rowan and Venable will be true eye-followers in their work in the bluff city.

In the name of all our readers, we thank the Whitfield Brothers for their mission lessons and notes. No articles in the paper are more read and we believe with more profit. We are glad too, that other papers frequently quote them.

The Baptist Record, we are sure, has a peculiar facility for understanding our *Flag-American*. It is a *Flag*. Does your *Flag* understand itself in its dealings with Mission matters?

Read what brother Nossinger says about Mason and Sharon. It is all so. If you know of the right man for the place write to H. L. Jarrell, Esq. Macon; but don't tell him anything you do not know.

A young minister consulted an older one about leaving his field because of difficulties in the way of success. "Well," said the senior, "if you are going to move, when you need difficulties you had better get yourself on wheels and be ready to move constantly." He stated, and has since succeeded well.

The *National Baptist* says it was not Greek learning that made Mr. Gladstone the best Briton of his day; it was his conscience, his love of right. Many a man has thought that his conscience was a serious hindrance; but the truth is not man can be great in the best sense, without a quick and powerful conscience.

For the first time in the history of Mississippi Baptists, they are making a reasonable effort to establish their cause in the cities and towns. We have the country, and the towns with their saloons and heresies, in a large measure have us. Let us "take the war over to Carthage."

Our copy for the first page this week was mis-carried in the mail, and I was too late to print it. Next week we will print an answer to the question, "Will the righteous be judged at the last day?"

We have heard of enterprises breaking down of their own immense weight. Better not run too fast, danger may be ahead.—*E. W. Henderson*. To plant our cause firmly in the centers of influence, and to evangelize all our waste places is a great and weighty undertaking, which the churches should not let break down.

The editor of the Record has a well-earned reputation for writing a bad head and running words too nearly together. Last week many mistakes, more or less important, occurred on setting up his copy. We advise the editor to write more distinctly, and a good many other people might profit by the same advice.

We take this occasion to thank the *Religious Herald*, in behalf of the six thousand Baptists of the Big Hatch, Association for the publication of the article below, correcting the misstatements of the *Baptist Reflector*, *Baptist Record* and *Biblical Reflector*, of North Carolina, whose editors for three months past have attempted

to prejudice the Association in the estimation of its readers by misrepresenting its report on Resolutions, and what it is doing in the way of benevolence.—*Baptist*. We have set the matter right so far as the Record is concerned. For our facts and facts we depended on *The Baptist* and the *Reflector*. Brother Graves' defense is worse than anything we have said; yet worse than that—they are led captive by the devil and his agents, the teachers of false religions, which have the moral support of the government. They have by following the devices of their own malignity, sunk to the lowest depths of moral darkness and immoral practices, embracing all that can be comprised within these terms, all of which have been rendered stable and ossified by ages. And yet they are a large part of the nations for whom Christ died, and to whom Christ commands us to preach the gospel. Our effective force—by which I mean our foreign missionaries—is utterly inadequate to hold our own even for work left entirely to native assistance soon dwindles to routine. With our present force we can only occupy, as centres, a few points on the border of this great empire. We have no skimming force to go out while one remains in charge, into the high ways and hedges, and visit regularly adjacent towns and villages, and thank all the hamlets and country places, and thus support important strategic centres—an absolute necessity for effective work. I have surveyed and studied a line of attack for the Southern Baptists, i.e., the line of the great river Yang-tze to the Szechuen province in the west. Thus by the most convenient line for transportation by steamers we divide the empire in two, and have a centre line from which to work off north and south. As the first step toward carrying out this programme, I want as speedily as possible—and I think I have the mind of the spirit—three good men and a doctor for Nanking; two good men and a doctor for Soo-Chow, Kwang-Shang and one good man for Shanghai. The Shanghai mission would act as agents for the interior provinces. Those for Nanking and Soo-Chow, should come provided with means to build dwellings, houses and hospitals. Thus three stations could co-operate and support each other, and thus, to a certain extent, occupy the numerous cities in this plain.

This programme involves a new departure in our methods of supporting foreign missions. We had as well make up our minds first as last on this point, that foreign missions cannot be supported by the few who are now heartily interested in it. The great mass of our churches who do little more than a small charity for the poor heathen, for the poor missionary who is really to starve in a heathen land, need to be instructed and encouraged by their pastors to engage in this work as a religious duty, as an act of worship in obedience to the command of Christ, and thus secure in their souls and bodies, the promised reward of obedience. When pastors and people awake to a sense of their duty and privilege in this matter, the South can support fifty men as easily as they now do three or four. If our work is to be continued and become prominent, it must be reinforced and greatly enlarged. We had every reason to expect Rev. Mr. Rager this year, but alas, we hear he has been diverted to Rome. We thought he felt called to preach the gospel to the heathen. The Lord reigns, and will provide for his work.

Faithfully,
M. T. YATES.
Shanghai, China, Sept. 7, 1880.
AND CALL THE SAVAGE BREAST TO PEACE.

Maratu, who lived on one of the Hervey Islands, was in early life a cannibal. Engaged in a cannibal feast just before the coming of the first missionaries, he hid the head of one of the poor victims that he might enjoy it as a choice morsel by himself. Yet this man came under the power of God's truth and grace, and has recently died.

Wyatt Gill writes of him: Maratu became distinguished by power of intellect, combined with true humanity and utter guilelessness. He was of quick perception and ready sympathy. He gave up an impression of saintliness above any other man. He was eminently man of prayer and faith; and truly adorned the doctrine of God, of Saver in all things. His earnest desire was to see every one of his tribe a believer in Christ. "Then" and he "I can die in peace."—*Missionary Review*.

Several questions of interest are coming up for discussion in the Record. All should desire to be posted about these important matters. Will our pastors and friends, generally look after those whose terms of subscription have expired, and get them to renew at once? Indeed, will they not try to place the Record in every Baptist family within the bounds of their influence—a little help just now will do good.

A Virginia stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries is complete. Buyers would do well to consult him.
Oct. 14-15.
If you want a Piano, Organ, Jewellery or any other Musical Instrument, go to see A. L. Brunson.

APPEAL FROM DR. YATES.
Dear brother Tupper:—Thirty-three years ago, to-day, Mrs. Yates and I arrived at Woo Sung, the entrance to the Shanghai river. I wish to speak through you to every pastor and church in the South, in behalf of the 400,000,000 of China. The necessities of our work are extreme and urgent. China's millions are accessible, and are like sheep without a shepherd; yet, worse than that—they are led captive by the devil and his agents, the teachers of false religions, which have the moral support of the government. They have by following the devices of their own malignity, sunk to the lowest depths of moral darkness and immoral practices, embracing all that can be comprised within these terms, all of which have been rendered stable and ossified by ages. And yet they are a large part of the nations for whom Christ died, and to whom Christ commands us to preach the gospel. Our effective force—by which I mean our foreign missionaries—is utterly inadequate to hold our own even for work left entirely to native assistance soon dwindles to routine. With our present force we can only occupy, as centres, a few points on the border of this great empire. We have no skimming force to go out while one remains in charge, into the high ways and hedges, and visit regularly adjacent towns and villages, and thank all the hamlets and country places, and thus support important strategic centres—an absolute necessity for effective work. I have surveyed and studied a line of attack for the Southern Baptists, i.e., the line of the great river Yang-tze to the Szechuen province in the west. Thus by the most convenient line for transportation by steamers we divide the empire in two, and have a centre line from which to work off north and south. As the first step toward carrying out this programme, I want as speedily as possible—and I think I have the mind of the spirit—three good men and a doctor for Nanking; two good men and a doctor for Soo-Chow, Kwang-Shang and one good man for Shanghai. The Shanghai mission would act as agents for the interior provinces. Those for Nanking and Soo-Chow, should come provided with means to build dwellings, houses and hospitals. Thus three stations could co-operate and support each other, and thus, to a certain extent, occupy the numerous cities in this plain.

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Wyatt Gill writes of him: Maratu became distinguished by power of intellect, combined with true humanity and utter guilelessness. He was of quick perception and ready sympathy. He gave up an impression of saintliness above any other man. He was eminently man of prayer and faith; and truly adorned the doctrine of God, of Saver in all things. His earnest desire was to see every one of his tribe a believer in Christ. "Then" and he "I can die in peace."—*Missionary Review*.

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Oct. 14-15.
If you want a Piano, Organ, Jewellery or any other Musical Instrument, go to see A. L. Brunson.

APPEAL FROM DR. YATES.
Dear brother Tupper:—Thirty-three years ago, to-day, Mrs. Yates and I arrived at Woo Sung, the entrance to the Shanghai river. I wish to speak through you to every pastor and church in the South, in behalf of the 400,000,000 of China. The necessities of our work are extreme and urgent. China's millions are accessible, and are like sheep without a shepherd; yet, worse than that—they are led captive by the devil and his agents, the teachers of false religions, which have the moral support of the government. They have by following the devices of their own malignity, sunk to the lowest depths of moral darkness and immoral practices, embracing all that can be comprised within these terms, all of which have been rendered stable and ossified by ages. And yet they are a large part of the nations for whom Christ died, and to whom Christ commands us to preach the gospel. Our effective force—by which I mean our foreign missionaries—is utterly inadequate to hold our own even for work left entirely to native assistance soon dwindles to routine. With our present force we can only occupy, as centres, a few points on the border of this great empire. We have no skimming force to go out while one remains in charge, into the high ways and hedges, and visit regularly adjacent towns and villages, and thank all the hamlets and country places, and thus support important strategic centres—an absolute necessity for effective work. I have surveyed and studied a line of attack for the Southern Baptists, i.e., the line of the great river Yang-tze to the Szechuen province in the west. Thus by the most convenient line for transportation by steamers we divide the empire in two, and have a centre line from which to work off north and south. As the first step toward carrying out this programme, I want as speedily as possible—and I think I have the mind of the spirit—three good men and a doctor for Nanking; two good men and a doctor for Soo-Chow, Kwang-Shang and one good man for Shanghai. The Shanghai mission would act as agents for the interior provinces. Those for Nanking and Soo-Chow, should come provided with means to build dwellings, houses and hospitals. Thus three stations could co-operate and support each other, and thus, to a certain extent, occupy the numerous cities in this plain.

This programme involves a new departure in our methods of supporting foreign missions. We had as well make up our minds first as last on this point, that foreign missions cannot be supported by the few who are now heartily interested in it. The great mass of our churches who do little more than a small charity for the poor heathen, for the poor missionary who is really to starve in a heathen land, need to be instructed and encouraged by their pastors to engage in this work as a religious duty, as an act of worship in obedience to the command of Christ, and thus secure in their souls and bodies, the promised reward of obedience. When pastors and people awake to a sense of their duty and privilege in this matter, the South can support fifty men as easily as they now do three or four. If our work is to be continued and become prominent, it must be reinforced and greatly enlarged. We had every reason to expect Rev. Mr. Rager this year, but alas, we hear he has been diverted to Rome. We thought he felt called to preach the gospel to the heathen. The Lord reigns, and will provide for his work.

Faithfully,
M. T. YATES.
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Y (CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.) them by his conduct and example. They make a lesser appeal to his self-interest. Every belief were our civil laws prescribing observance of Sunday as a day of rest for all our people, universally obeyed in their true spirit, life, liberty and property would be far more secure than they now are.

THE RIGHT TO UNDISTURBED WORSHIP. There are many other considerations that might be presented for a better observance of the Sabbath than we now have, and in justification of the laws that require observance. The majority of our people are firm believers in the Christian religion and worshippers of God on the Sabbath. Wherever gathered together they have a right to protection against disturbers and a right to worship God; and as good a right as to enjoy any portion of their property. The right to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience is one of the fundamental principles of the constitution, guaranteed to every man in this country. A man cannot set a glue factory, gun works, or a soap factory near your house, and not prevent a nuisance in the shape of disturbers of Christians observing the Sabbath in the house of God. Now I have a right and you have a right to worship God in your church, and to worship him without the disturbance of business and recreation around you. If it is a constitutional right guaranteed to me, and as much to be protected as my house against the incursions of my neighbor, I am sorry to say it, but I think it must be said in truth that there is a growing disregard of the Sabbath in this country; probably more so in our larger cities than in the country. The Sabbath is not now observed as it was when I was a boy and when you were children. It has been the influence over the community that it had forty years ago, and it is time for Christian men, or patriotic men, for lovers of their country and fellow men, to arise, and so far as in their power, to exert an influence to restore the Sabbath to what it was intended to be by the framers of our laws and by our fathers.

How to Plow Well.

In the first place have your plow sharp. Even a good workman will not be able to do good work with a bad tool. It is not enough to turn over a clean furrow. Good plowing means the thorough pulverization of the soil, and the best plowman is he who can break up the ground into the finest particles. Plow an inch or so deeper each year, and thus deepen your seed bed and bring the subsoil into contact with light and air for their chemical operations. You can never go too deep, provided you go slowly. Never be in a hurry at this kind of work. If you have not the time to do your work just right, make the time. One acre well plowed is worth two acres half-way done. If a rock or a root, or any other obstruction, is in your way, stop and get rid of it entirely. If it is a rock, put it on your fence or throw it into a sink-hole; never let it bother you again; dispose of it at once. Do not risk your plow handles. Your team has draught enough to overcome without your laziness adding fifty pounds more. Riding on the handles never does good work. When done, take your plow and clean it well and put it under cover out of the way of wet and moisture, which, like rust, soon destroys a valuable implement.

Eternity.

I have lain upon a river bank above a cataract and fall, where waters were as yet untroubled, moving swiftly softly under willows, glancing in graceful curves about green roots, now floating into lake around my immersed hand. Looking away down where the torrent becomes tumultuous, plunging, quivering, loudly shouting, and beyond where the lip of the fall meets the sky of mists, I dip up a handful of the flood. "Oh, drops of water, you realize nothing of what is before you. I wonder whether this drop, or this, will lie at the bottom of the 'unsundered caverns, carding cold and imprisoned long; and which will rise beaten into spray that the sun may make perpetual rainbows. I release you. Go back and go on to find your fate," and they are shaken from the finger-tips.

So goeth the race of man into fatality—eternity. Who realizes what it was to have been born into this world? Who foresees the spectacles yet to be revealed along the existence line of the human soul, what excitements over-powering, what shock of splendors or of dreads? Who dare go on alone? Yet we must go on and ever. Who cares for the diversions of the present, risk, thoughtless, the grand eternities!—*"Are These Things So," by Emory J. Haynes.*

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.—*Sir W. Temple.*

The vices we scoff at in others laugh at us within ourselves.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

THE BAPTIST RECORD

FAMILY CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY
MRS. J. B. GAMBLE.

"A Hundred Years to Come."

Dear Mrs. Gamble:—Many friends who have heard the song "A Hundred Years to Come," have asked me to write of the words for them; but it would be no light task to write a copy for each one, hence I send you the verses, with the request that you print them in the Record, for the benefit of all who may want a copy. Those who may wish to see the notes can find them in one of the Record's works, "The Sabbath-school Bell," now almost out of use. I claim none but the third stanza as my own composition. Here are the verses:

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The roses, the lilies, the lily-bells,
The heather that beats to gaily now,
Oh! where will be the low, low, low,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold these crowded streets,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
The rich, the poor, the old and young,
The rich, the poor, the old and young,
Who'll be the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

Whose hands will deck our soldiers' graves,
A hundred years to come?
Whose tears their sacred soil will lave,
A hundred years to come?
The sister's hand, the mother's tear,
These many forms will disappear,
While other flowers will sweetly bloom,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come,
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come,
But other men our lands will till,
And others then, our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
A hundred years to come.

Durant, Nov. 6, 1880. T. A. Moore.

Too Little.

Johnny and May and Dicky and Nell
Were going down to the Daisy Dell;
"I know you're going, know very well,
Take me too?" said dear little Nell.

"Too much bother," says little May,
"Who wants you tagging along?"
"Too little," said little Nell,
"Too little," said little Nell.

"Hurry, now, Nellie, and grow up quick!"
"Too little for what?" said dear little Nell.
"Too little," cried mother, "too little to bear,
Our portion life—a burden of care."

"Too little heart for trouble to weigh,
Too little for tears a moment to stay;
Of wrongs and rebuffs too little to know,
From mother's own side to go."

"Let Johnny and May and Dicky and Nell
Go to the Daisy Dell;
But mother and Nell and Dicky and Nell
Will have the merriest picnic yet."

Free and yet Not Free.

This morning one of the little girls while passing through the hall sang loudly, "Free from the Lord, oh, happy condition!" Her rendering of this beautiful hymn, "Free from the Law," was certainly a left-handed compliment to the realization she is accustomed to hear and was amusing. Yet a question of graver import arose in my thoughts. How many persons say in effect "free from the Lord," and reckon themselves happy in that freedom. They scorn the offers of Christ's atoning blood, heed not the invitations of the gospel, and laugh at the thunders of Sinai. They say "we are free; we owe no allegiance to your God," and they know not that they are the slaves of Satan, and that freedom is found in Christ Jesus alone. There are those who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ who say he has made them free from the Law; has suffered the penalty due their transgressions and of course they love him and wish to praise him for his goodness, and yet when they are told their duty on the subject of missions, ministerial education, pastoral support, or any other branch of church work which touches the purse, they say in effect "I am not in words, 'Free from the Law'; I make my own money, let other people pay for the gospel if they want it; let others get their education as I got mine." Oh, wonderful freedom! Is not the silver and the gold God's? and the cattle upon a thousand hills his also? and will a man or woman bought with the precious blood of Christ, refuse to give of that which God gives to send the message of salvation to those who have never heard it? We are free and yet not free. God gives us liberty to work in the great cause—the world's salvation—and gives us blessed rewards for doing our duty; but Christians are not free to let this work alone. Each Christian has his work to do; this work cannot be delegated to another, and the Christian who does nothing for missions is like Peter following far off and on the direct road to denial of the Lord. "Them that honor me will I honor," saith the Lord, and one rule laid down for honoring God is this: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase." Mark it—the first fruits of all thine increase! Not the last, shabbiest fruits of what you do not want and cannot sell, but of the best. Would to God there were no Baptists who feel free from the Lord in the matter of paying their debts to missions, ministerial education and pastoral support.

M. T. G.

Helping.

"When I get big, I'm going to do something to make others happy," said Ella.

Her mother had just been reading her a story about a woman whose life had been spent in doing good.

"Why wait until you get to be big?" her mother asked.

"Because I can't do anything now that will help anybody?" answered Ella.

"And why not?"

"Why not? I'm too small—I'm nothing but a little girl," replied Ella.

"And can't little folks help others?"

"I don't see how they can," said Ella, thoughtfully. "They may help them about work, but I mean doing something that makes them happier, you know."

"Watch to-day and see if some chance does not come to you to help some one," said her mother, "and that in a way that makes them happier."

That afternoon, as Ella sat playing with her dolls, some one knocked. She ran to the door and opened it. "Good afternoon, Grandma Kent," she said to the bent and feeble old lady who stood on the threshold. "I'm so glad to see you. Come right in."

"So you're glad to see me, are you?" asked the old lady. "Well, now, that's good to hear; for I don't suppose many folks are glad to see an old woman like me."

"Well, I am, for one," answered Ella, helping the visitor to take off her shawl. "For I like you, you know."

"Hear the child!" exclaimed Grandma Kent, drawing Ella close to her, and kissing the red and dimpled cheeks. "So you like me, do you? I'd like to know why?"

"Because," and then Ella had to stop and think what the reason was that she liked the old lady—because I do. "That's all I know about it."

"That's reason enough," responded Grandma Kent, with a tear dropping down her withered old cheek. "I wish you, child, how much good it does a poor old creature like me, who's all alone in the world, to hear some one say they care for her. It makes me feel as if I wasn't alone after all."

Just then Ella's mother came in. "I came here quite down-hearted," said Grandma Kent, after Mrs. Wayne's greeting was over. "But Ella, bless her little soul! has been telling me that she likes me, and somehow it's cheered me right up. I declare! her face seems just like sunshine," and grandma bent and kissed it again.

The poor old woman's appreciation of her friendship made Ella's heart torn to her still more warmly, and she sat down beside her and looked the feeble, wrinkled hand in hers. Grandma was pleased at this little act, and by and by she told Ella some of the stories she knew the girl liked to hear, of her own childhood long ago, when the country was new and everything so different from the things of to-day, that it all seemed to Ella like a story-book of some book, only more interesting, because she knew it was true.

By-and-by Ella's mother went out of the room. Ella followed her into the hall.

"Mother, I'd like to give grandma Kent something—may I?" she asked.

"What do you want to give her?" asked Mrs. Wayne.

"My little rocking chair, and that book you said 'I might call mine,' answered Ella. "The rocking chair is so low and easy for her to get in, I know she'd like it. She sits in it every time she comes here, and she wouldn't if it didn't suit her better than the big one. And that book has such big print that she can read it, and it's about religious things, so I know she'd enjoy it—may I?"

"If you want to," answered her mother, smiling down into the generous little face that was glowing with enthusiasm at the prospect of making Grandma Kent a present.

"She gets so lonesome, I know," said Ella. "She must, living at Mr. Green's because they never say anything to each other, and of course they aren't any company for her. So I'm sure the book'll be some company."

"It will be company and comfort for the poor woman," answered Mrs. Wayne.

Ella brought the book to Grandma Kent.

"I'm going to give you this," she said. "See what nice, big letters. You can read it without your spectacles, almost."

"Give it to me!" exclaimed Grandma Kent. "What put that thought into your head?"

"I thought it would help you pass away the time," answered Ella. "It's a good book, and I think you'll like it. Shall I read you some of it?"

"Yes, dear, if you please," answered grandma. She couldn't have read a word of it just then, if she had had her spectacles, for her eyes were blurred with tears.

Ella read several pages. The book was one well calculated to cheer and comfort the Christian heart, that turns to God for help when the storms of earthly sorrow threaten to overwhelm it.

"Oh, that's such a beautiful book, child!" exclaimed the old lady in delight, when Ella stopped reading. "Such a comforting book! What you've read seems just as if the Lord spoke to me. I know I shall enjoy it so much, and all the more because it comes from you."

When Grandma Kent went home, Ella went with her and carried the book, and John, Ella's brother, carried the rocking-chair.

"I can say thank you," said Grandma Kent, brokenly; "but that don't let you know what I feel; but the Lord knows, and he'll repay you for your kindness to an old woman."

"Has my little girl helped anybody to-day?" asked Ella's mother that evening.

"I don't know," answered Ella. "I guess not, unless what I did for Grandma Kent was helping."

"It was helping," said her mother; "you helped her to bear her troubles more patiently. Your love and your kind acts made her stronger. You cheered her, and brought a little sunshine into her lonely life. You do not understand how much you helped her, but she does, and because of what you have said and done today, she is more contented with her life, and the world seems brighter and better. So you see that you have helped others, and that it is not necessary to be big in order to do good."

—Eben E. Bedford, in Church and Home.

Rose Woodville's Way.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

"It is so strange about Rose Woodville's way, mamma. I wonder what her secret is. She makes friends of every one. She is just as polite and pleasant to one as to another. I don't see how she can be so."

"And does my Pauline sometimes make enemies?" And is she at times impolite and unpleasant?" asked mamma with a smile.

The eager child blushed as she looked into her mother's eye, but she answered honestly. "Yes, mamma, she does make enemies, and she isn't polite or pleasant. You know, mamma, that Pauline is such a positive sort of a child. She has to like and dislike, and she shows out just all she feels. And some people do bother her so; at least they would bother her if she could stand it to let them, but she can't, she rides herself of them in the shortest possible way, if 'tisn't just the sweetest, like Rose's."

"How do you effect this?" asked her mamma.

"Oh, I let them know plainly how I value their company."

"And then?" asked her mother.

"Why, then, if they have any sense they get vexed or huffy, and go off and let me alone, just as I wished them to do; or if they are the soft, silly ones, who don't know when they are snubbed, why, then I get provoked, and say something disagreeable."

"In each case you care more for your own pleasure or comfort, or convenience than for any other's," said her mother.

"Well, yes, mother, I believe I do," said Pauline, candidly. "Almost everybody does that, one way or another. I'm not more selfish than most others. I'll help and lend things and do favors as cheerfully as any one, I think; but I can't have such a way as Rose has, so kind and gentle and sweet."

"I think the secret of Rose Woodville's way is found in her obedience to the new commandment of our blessed Lord. My Pauline neglects to keep it I fear." Mrs. Wayne opened a Testament that lay near, and pointed to the thirty-fourth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. Pauline read the verse: "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

"Can you imagine the Savior as impolite or unpleasant in His way or manner to any?" asked mamma.

"O, never, mamma," answered Pauline.

"As for caring more for His comfort or pleasure than for that of others?"

"No, indeed. My verse last Sunday was: 'For even Christ pleased not himself.' No, He was never rude, cross or sarcastic," continued Pauline, reflectively; "and those stupid, tiresome people that flocked about Him, teasing Him for miracles and loaves and fishes must have been provoking enough too."

"What was it in the Lord Jesus that made Him thus considerate of others, kind, gentle, courteous, patient, altogether unselfish?"

"O mamma," said Pauline humbly, "it was the love. But, mamma, can I ever love as He did?"

"He bids you to do nothing impossible; yet he says: 'As I have loved you, so that ye also love one another.'"

Pauline was silent and thoughtful for a moment. She was a fair-minded child and dealt honestly with herself as with others.

"If Rose Woodville can keep that commandment, certainly I ought to," she said. "I will try to, though I

know it will be fearfully hard for me; I have no patience, and some persons are so tiresome."

Her mamma smiled. "May not some persons find my little girl's short, curt, positive ways tiresome?"

"O, they do," said Pauline, blushing. "I know I am not thought, amiable, and, indeed, I am not. But I really mean to try to become so, for it is lovely to be loved as Rose is, and I have often wished I had her way. Yes, I will try to be like Jesus. I will pray that He will help me, for I am sure that we can do nothing without his help."

"Yes, dear, we pray, Thy kingdom come; by our actions far more acceptably and effectually than by any form of words. And our every action will be genuine, earnest, prevailing prayers for the coming of the kingdom, if we at all times bear in mind and in heart this new commandment of our Lord: 'Love one another.'"

—Child's Paper.

Teachers that do not Teach.

There are many such. Happy the school, happy and singular where they are not found. In the Sunday-schools, yes, in any school, one can see generally account for the fact, when the fact exists. It is a sad reason, and we hate to write it against any brother or sister. We will write it against them; we will write for them, and for those whom they teach without teaching. The reason is—lack of earnestness.

Of course there are many reasons aside from this, why some teachers teach more successfully than do others. But no teacher ever fails utterly to teach, except through lack of earnestness. This is so, because, in the first place, earnestness itself, and from so cause but itself, is a great teaching force; and in the second place, because earnestness in a teacher, will lead that teacher to secure other teaching forces in addition to earnestness. We surely must admit that God helps the really earnest soul, and whom God helps cannot fail.

If there is any vocation in the world that more than any other demands earnestness, that vocation is teaching. And of all teaching to the young, O brother, O sister, teach earnestly, or—we were going to say not teach, but we will not say that. We will simply say, and say again, teach earnestly. Put heart into your teaching—put consecration—put will—put soul—put yourself—put all you say; put Christ in you. Do not entertain your class. Yes, that you must do, but entertain them in order to teach them. Wait, we can put it better than that. Entertain them by teaching them. You at least do not you, increase the number of teachers that do not teach.

—Prof. H. C. Wilkenson, D. D., in Voice of Bible.

Vinegar.

It is known that much of the vinegar sold at stores is adulterated with dangerous acids. Every housekeeper can make her own, of a quality far superior to that usually sold for cider vinegar. I have made and used it for years. A five or ten gallon keg is the most suitable vessel for making it in, but a stone jar or jar will serve. Take one-half New Orleans molasses and four-fifths pure water, cold or hot. If you have no old vinegar to sour it with, ferment a quart or two of the mixture with yeast, and add to the rest. Cover the bung hole top of the jar or jug with lace or netting to exclude flies. Set it in the sunlight, and, as often as you think of it, give it a shake. In a few weeks it will be fit to use, and constantly get sourer. Draw off a quantity for present use and fill the vessel with fresh molasses and water. No yeast need be used after it is once started. This is only second in quality to the best cider vinegar; many persons like it better and it is much cheaper. It can be used for pickles, and is warranted not to poison people. If I had a spark of enterprise I should establish a vinegar factory and make my fortune.

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May 20, 6m.

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